Volume LXIV CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 24, 1910 Number 26

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

Hymn

(Tune, Dundee)

Great God, how infinite Thou art,
How infinite are we;
We are of Thee a vital part,
Thy children,—like to Thee.

Eternal progress marks the way
Thy Spirit ever moves;
No dead form or finality
Thy Living Will approves.

Forever forward is the law
Of Life in God and man;
There is no limit, bound or flaw
In Life's unmeasured plan.

Great God, how infinite Thou art,
How infinite are we;
Help us each day to do our part
To make ourselves like Thee.

WILLIAM HAWLEY SMITH.

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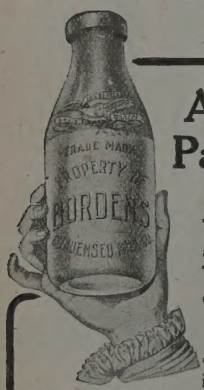

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We publish elsewhere in this issue the first sermon, "Concerning Soil: Plowing," and commend it most highly to our readers.

—From Hoard's Dairyman for January 25, 1910.
Published Weekly at Fort Atkinson, Wis.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Volume LXIV. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1910. NUMBER 26.

The way to God is by the road of men;
Find they far Heaven in near humanity;
Love thy seen brother as thyself! Thereby
Thou lovest Him Unseen, who is the all!
—*Edwin Arnold.*

A reader of UNITY driven for health reasons to Fairhope, Ala., thus writes enthusiastically of this social experimental station where the theories of Henry George are put into practice in a small local way:

The atmosphere here is invigorating, one cannot escape the influence of it. Breathe it a month and the conservative becomes radical, and with this change comes health for mind and body. If one wants Henry George's political economy, here he will find it put to work. Should he desire socialism, here it is, free to express itself. Mr. Upton Sinclair is teaching the gospel of "Uncooked Foods." C. Hanford Henderson and John Dewey are having their theories of education demonstrated in the "organic school." Here is life with a large "L." Any one suffering from ennui, the product of his inertia, may well spend a winter in Fairhope and join the "Progressive League."

Still our exchanges teem with anxieties lest the practical church should grow undevout, lest sociology prove an inadequate foundation for the devotions of the church, and lest somehow the six-day benefactions depress the fervor of the seven-day worship. We believe that there are facts enough upon which to base a conclusion, and before the debate goes much further let there be an appeal to the facts. Let the observer go the rounds and honestly report on the spiritual fervor and the devoutness of pulpit and pew in the churches where the thought of man's need is constantly put alongside of the thought of God's sufficiency. It is simply a question of fact. Are the churches that are busy less satisfying to the soul, less touched with devoutness than those churches which still keep themselves aloof and who retire into some architectural grotto, withdrawn from the world, in order to more effectually find their God?

In the recent article entitled "A Parish on Paper," by Prof. F. C. Doan of Meadville, Pa., the meat in the cocoanut was omitted through the confusion of the printer. The points upon which Prof. Doan was anxious to receive opinions from those who were willing to join "the parish on paper" were omitted. Here they are:

1. What, in general, are for you the live points in modern religion?
2. What do you think a "practical religion" should be?
3. What is your idea of God? Of Jesus? Of prayer? Of immortality?
4. What is for you the right relation of the church to problems of moral, civic and social evil?
5. In what ways does the church seem to you to fail, or succeed, in teaching a practical religion?
6. What sort of preaching do men of your own occupation or profession need most?
7. What do you regard as the most important books and magazine articles which have appeared, say, in the last twelve-month and which bear upon these problems of religion?

The above are only thrown out as suggestions.

We hope our readers will be moved to look up the issue of February 10, page 801, read the article and establish connection with the questions above given, and then write to Prof. Doan as requested.

On the 17th inst, something transpired at the Abraham Lincoln Centre in Chicago which may prove not only of great local interest to those engaged in the work of All Souls Church and of the Abraham Lincoln Centre, but of general significance. Experimentation on church and settlement lines is in order. On the evening mentioned, the well organized and tried forces of All Souls Church, who heretofore have been the executive guides and directors of Abraham Lincoln Centre, met with the corporation of the Abraham Lincoln Centre, which as yet has scarcely assumed executive direction, in a general banquet, after which the present workers showed their guests something of the work done and the method of doing it. Then the new Board of forty members perfected their organization by electing their Board of Trustees for the year, of which the Pastor, Chairman and Treasurer of All Souls Church are *ex-officio* members, after which the marriage was declared; they had taken each other for better or for worse; to love, cherish and protect each other while they two live. The Lincoln Centre Board cheerfully assumed a certain share of the responsibility and direction of the Endowment Fund of one hundred thousand dollars, eighty thousand of which is raised and the twenty thousand looked for. The details of this marriage are unimportant to the general reader, but the general proposition of finding a permanent board, conservatively organized and managed, to hold the trusts of the living and the dead and at the same time to secure the elasticity of a working church, is a quest worth watching for. There are many more Abraham Lincoln Centres, with varying names and forms, to be created in the coming century, and such will seek to make common cause with the emancipated church, and how best to achieve this challenges the study and the courage of the most devout. It will be the quest of the twentieth century church how to ally itself to the best forces at work in civilization and how to become itself a growing force.

The battle of the "Dry" vs. "Wet" in Chicago is already waxing warm. It will be hard to keep it on the high ground of ethics and science, where alone the battle can be fought. There is nothing to be gained by brutal denunciations and personal recriminations, and it is to be hoped that the "blackguarding" will be confined to the one side which, in the nature of the case, enlists the sympathy of blackguards. Not all saloon keepers are such by any means, and not all those who will fight against the "Dry" are such. It is not only a combine of education but a combine in the interest of civilization, humanization. The argument based on the innocent beer gardens of Germany or the wine cafes of Italy and France does not apply. This is not Germany; this is not France, and not Italy. We have not in Chicago the coherent homogeneous people; the family element is eliminated; the heterogeneous crowd are not congenial to one another. The experience of every bartender goes to show that it requires constant skill and oftentimes physical persuasion to keep his customers from warring upon one another. To call the Chicago saloon the "Workingman's Club Room" is an indignity to the workingman. Quite the contrary is true. Self-respecting workingmen, like self-respecting employers, spurn the saloon and resent the implication that they find their social privileges there. Great industrial plants and still more, great railway systems, are practically "Dry" institutions; in many of them frequenters at saloons are automatically dropped. Workingmen do need places of social resort; they deserve something better than the saloon. It is pitiable that their hard-earned money should be wasted at the bar or extorted from them by unjust landlords, who charge the highest for the poorest conditions. If the better social centers received their fair proportion of the men's wages they would be adequately supported.

The Attorney General of the state of Missouri recently became greatly exercised over the fact that two or three negro children in the little town of Unionville were, for economical reasons, permitted to attend the public school in that village. The state functionary is reported to have notified the County Superintendent that the license of any teacher who permits such practice should be immediately cancelled because conflicting with the laws of the state of Missouri. We wonder if this local martinet was as prompt in notifying the authorities of Unionville that, under the laws of the same state, they could be compelled to provide school privileges for negro children. A separate school building would be a logical demand of such laws, and an enforcement of this law might be educative. It is this hysterical dread of the white man at being brought into contact with the product of what was once the white man's cupidity and greed, and which has since been largely the product of his lust, which brought about the wild, mad, sad manifestation of senseless passion and unpardonable lawlessness, the other day in Cairo, Ill. This is the second time in a few months. This last outbreak was just because two indolent, lawless colored boys were snatching purses, for which they were promptly apprehended. They were entirely in the hands of the officers of the law and were on the way to the courts provided by law for such petty stealing. But a mob, representing "leading citizens," it is claimed, must needs threaten the jail. The sheriff in order to protect not only the lives of his prisoners but the dignity of the state of Illinois and vindicate the Government, must hastily summon such deputies as were within reach, many of them black men, put weapons into their hands, and instruct them to shoot low if it became necessary to protect the jail and its prisoners. A battle ensued, shots being fired from both sides. The sheriff had a close call, one member of the mob, the son of an ex-mayor, lost his life, and seven were wounded. Gov. Deneen deserves credit for the prompt way in which he ordered out the militia and insisted on maintaining the dignity of the law. The lynchings that have disgraced the South and startled the North have generally been justified on the score that they were inspired by unspeakable crimes for the punishment of which the law was inadequate, but here these Cairo patriots, living in the state of Lincoln, Grant and Logan, take law into their own hands in order to punish a couple of sneak thieves who had snatched a handbag or two from some ladies on the street, an infraction of law which occurs many times every day in Chicago in the proud State Street district, where the sky-scraper "dry goods emporiums" are. Shame! Shame! Shame! To Cairo, shame! To Illinois, shame! Shame on the white man!

Zalmon Gilbert Simmons

"Kenosha's Grand Old Man has fallen!" Thus ran the headlines in the morning paper of February 12. Mr. Simmons was not only the "Grand Old Man" of Kenosha, but the "Grand Old Man" of Wisconsin, and in many ways the "Grand Old Man" of the nation.

It is not necessary in this note to repeat the tribute or to recount the triumphs so well set forth in the memorial address delivered by his Pastor, the Rev. Florence Buck, in the Henry Simmons Memorial Church on February 14. But such a life has many sides and no tribute can exhaust the story.

For nearly forty years the writer has been a welcome guest at the Simmons home in Kenosha. It has been one of his "homes" in all his campaigns, and the cause he espoused, the interest he championed, the dreams he indulged in, were as welcome as himself. The great head of the Simmons house, whose mind and heart were absorbed with large industrial activities and great commercial ventures, had always time to discuss

the great fundamental ethical questions rooted in the academic world of today. A great employer of labor, he was profoundly interested in employes and was always ready with his humanitarian solutions and optimistic explanations that the friction, the agitation, the contention, even the crudities and cruelties incident to the travail, were to help work out into clearness. Mr. Simmons's life, as will be seen from Miss Buck's sketch, was tremendously occupied, but it was not so preoccupied but there was room in it for wide reading, which made him a remarkably well informed man. His interests were cosmopolitan, his enthusiasm humanitarian, his religion of course the religion of hope and of brotherhood.

Henry M. Simmons, the beloved of UNITY readers, for many years yoke fellow, roadside companion, and everywhere brother to the Senior Editor, was also for many years the honored Pastor and beloved companion of Z. G. Simmons, and when the growing work carried Henry Simmons from Kenosha to Madison and from there to Minneapolis, the heart of his great parishioner followed him, and when Henry Simmons's flashing eye was dimmed in death, the friend and brother, in name and in spirit though not in kin, paid his tribute of love to the modest preacher by erecting in Kenosha the beautiful Henry Simmons Memorial Church, perhaps the purest bit of Gothic architecture in the West.

Of Mr. Simmons's loyalty to the country, of how he won his way into the ranks of the "old soldiers" by staying at home and thereby multiplying the soldier's contribution to the preservation of the nation many, many times,—for he was a sanitary commissioner, a widows' and orphans' protective society, a recruiting officer, a supply station, advisory committee to Governor and to President, all in one,—we should like to speak at length, but space forbids.

Mr. Simmons loved the "old soldier" and honored his work, but he was profoundly a peace man. The beautiful shaft erected by him in memory of the soldiers of Kenosha county is unique in that it is surmounted by the Angel of Peace who carries no weapons nor suggestion of war. In the death of Z. G. Simmons not only the Senior Editor but UNITY has lost a friend and a supporter, and the cause which UNITY espoused has lost a generous supporter. Only a few weeks before Mr. Simmons's death the Senior Editor was the speaker at a Sunday evening meeting at the Henry Simmons Memorial Church, and the builder thereof was a sympathetic, earnest, devout listener; and, though the sands in the hourglass of his life were well nigh run down, the spirit flamed brightly, the eye flashed hopefully, and the brain was teeming with great schemes and noble purposes that prolonged the services which began in the church away into the beautiful night in the home sanctuary, as we talked of the ideals of life, a few realized, many more hoped for.

The day of the burial was a holy day as well as a holiday in Kenosha. The mighty Simmons factory was closed and the thousands of laborers with their wives and children, speaking many languages but with one thought of love and respect, crowded the streets. At eleven o'clock in the morning the "Veterans" gathered. They came from Chicago, Milwaukee, and beyond; they had their service of love and paid their tribute of respect and then escorted the body to the Memorial church, where it lay in state until two o'clock, when the simple services were held. There were readings by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, the tribute by the Pastor, Miss Buck, printed elsewhere, prayer by another old friend, Bishop Fallows, and then the body was moved to its final resting place, past the monument and the Gilbert Simmons Library, a memorial to the son, past hospitals and schools, homes, and over highways, all of which testified to the wisdom, sagacity, public spirit and devoutness of Z. G. Simmons.

We wrote, "Life will be more lonely ever more now that 'Z. G.' is gone," but we wrote not wisely. Life is more companionable, more girt about with friendliness, armed with more courage, touched with more comradeship, blessed with finer hopes since he has become wholly the possession of the dear ones that loved him, in the home and out of it. To the loyal children and sweet grandchildren, the father and grandfather is now a permanent possession, beyond the anxieties of sickness and death, and such is he to that wider family circle that found communion with him. His strength is now a permanent quantity, his fellowship a possession unconditioned by space and uninterrupted by railway trains. Distance no longer counts; remoteness has vanished. Hail and farewell, Brother! The indomitable spirit that conquered so many obstacles, that won out in so many contests, must still be unconquerable. The invincible is swallowed in invincebleness.

TO OTHER SMALL VERSE-MAKERS

Oh, all ye little poet-folk,
Untried, enamored of a dream;
Ye, having breathed the altar-smoke,
And loved a shade, and chased a gleam;—

In face of all the woful things,
The long injustices of Life,
Believing somehow, something sings
Above the sordidness and strife;—

Ye, gallant grapplers with foul Fate,
Let us sing high, then fight. Perchance
Our voice and valor shall be great
As Fate's unsinging circumstance.

Oh, all ye little poet-folk,
Men say we are but fools of God,—
And yet, Gods breathe the incense-smoke;
And they are worms that seek the sod.

—*Fannie Stearns Davis, in the Atlantic.*

THE PULPIT

President Eliot's "New Religion"

By Rev. Richard W. Boynton, of Buffalo, N. Y.

IV. The New Position of Jesus.

We now come to the central figure, not only of the Bible, but of the world's religion and civilization. Our question is, What has the new religion to say about Jesus? In Dr. Eliot's address, which is serving us as the basis of these sermons, we find comparatively little direct reference to Jesus. This apparent, though I think not real, undervaluation may perhaps appear to our minds in its true light when we remember the words of Jesus himself in the Sermon on the Mount, "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven." The type of mind to which Dr. Eliot belongs has been more given to seeking to do the will of the Father, as declared in the teaching of Jesus, than to crying, Lord, Lord, before the person of Jesus himself. The aim has been to carry out in all practical ways Jesus' own mission here on earth, rather than to expend one's energy in precisely defining his rank and station in the universe. In view of this general attitude, with its seeming coolness of tone toward the one to whom so much of Christian worship and praise has been directed in all these centuries, Dr. Eliot's brief references to Jesus are the more remarkable, because of a certain suppressed enthusiasm. The name of Jesus is mentioned, I believe, but three times in the address, once as declaring the pure spirituality of God and hence the universality of his worship, "Neither in this mountain nor in Jerusalem shall ye worship the Father . . . God is a spirit; and they that worship him must worship in spirit and in truth"; and again as summing up all the commandments in "love toward God and brotherliness to man," following which summary the new religion proposes, according to Dr. Eliot, to teach "a universal goodwill, under the influence of which men will do their duty, and at the same time promote their own happiness." These references are, however, hardly more than incidental and by the way. But at the very end there comes a reference of a sort that should atone, one cannot help but think, for any earlier omission. The concluding paragraph of the address reads: "Finally, this twentieth-century religion is not only to be in harmony with the great secular movements of modern society—democracy, individualism, social idealism, the zeal for education, the spirit of research, the modern tendency to welcome the new, the fresh powers of preventive medicine, and the recent advances in business and industrial ethics—but also in essential agreement with the direct, personal teachings of Jesus, as they are reported in the Gospels. The revelation he gave to mankind thus becomes more wonderful than ever."

To those accustomed to the "swollen way" of speaking about Jesus—to use a phrase of Emerson's—which still prevails in many of the pulpits of Christendom, this chastened language may seem utterly inadequate. So may the severest of Greek statues seem inadequate as an expression of the human form divine, compared with some richly painted and elaborately ornate image. It is largely a matter of taste; but, as it seems to me, almost no tribute that could be spoken, in however exaggerated terms, could be really finer than this. Here is a man, himself a great leader of his time, an educator and inspirer of thousands of younger men, many of whom are themselves leaders and teachers of others,—a man of world-wide reputation, whose name and fame, though not among the very highest, are yet secure in the history of our race,—who as he comes to the end of his description of the religion which he holds is to rule the future of humanity, gives as the one name that rises instinctively to his lips as the inspirer of this religious advance that of the young Nazarene carpenter who lived so short a life and in so brief time completed so perfect a work for humanity and for God. Let us at least get into our minds the full weight and worth of such a tribute. The new religion, according to Dr. Eliot, seeking to harmonize as it must what he calls "the great secular movements of modern society,—namely, the movements of human thought and purpose to which all recent intellectual progress has contributed,—nevertheless after nineteen troubled centuries, and in the full light of that immense flood of new illumination which the modern time has brought, finds itself still "in essential agreement with the direct personal teachings of Jesus as they are reported in the Gospels." And now mark the complete adequacy and at the same time the perfect restraint of the concluding sentence,—"The revelation he gave to mankind thus becomes more wonderful than ever"; more wonderful because ever to be remembered as he is reported to have spoken it, ever to be held dear, and ever to be reverently followed, however far in the future men may go in their religious advance. If that is not a worthy tribute, where shall we look for one?

I.

It is to be my endeavor to state to you, as clearly as may be, the new position which Jesus has come to hold in minds of the modern type, of which we accept President Eliot as simply one notable example. It is to be observed, first of all, that the position which Jesus holds in such minds is not a position determined by the creedal teachings of the church. The new religion is far from despising any earlier point of view which may have found expression in the historic creeds of Christendom; but as we have been emphasizing all along, the thoughts of men have widened with the process of the suns. The new religion would make our attitude toward Jesus personal and individual, and so in harmony with the rest of our thought regarding all the diviner phases of life in the universe. What the new religion would chiefly encourage is a perception of Jesus as he actually was, and is, in his historical influence over men. It would neither exaggerate nor undervalue his position, but see him in his true relation and proportion to the many other men and influences, not to be ignored or denied, by which our existing attitude toward spiritual things has been determined.

As ordinarily understood, Jesus is the central figure of the whole Biblical revelation. From the very beginning, from the fall of man in the garden, his advent is thought to be presupposed throughout its full extent. The Fourth Gospel even declares that he existed before the creation, in the beginning with God, and that "without him was not anything made that hath been made." He is, furthermore, held to be the Christ, the Messiah of Israel's national hope, come in the fulness of time and in direct fulfillment of prophecy.

His advent is foretold by supernatural announcements, and attended by miracle and sign. He comes as Savior of the race from inherited sin. His death at the hands of cruel men is made a part of the fore-ordained sacrifice of himself as the "Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world." His body, even, does not stay in the grave, but on the third day is miraculously raised, and he ascends into heaven where, as the Apostles' Creed has it, "He sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead."

The first thing that a mind trained in modern methods of thought, and especially of historical investigation, is disposed to do in face of this monumental structure of belief by which the Christian centuries have been so competely ruled is to ask how much of it is based on historical fact and how much is due to later theological speculation. I may anticipate all that remains to be said in the present sermon by affirming that the new position of Jesus is less a position in the universal scheme of man's destiny and his salvation than a position in human history,—in the progress of which that great speculative scheme of destiny and salvation has unfolded itself, going through many successive phases and even now rapidly changing form in our present thought. We are moved to distinguish nowadays, that is, between the Jesus of history and the Christ of faith. I will not at this stage attempt to say which is the greater and the more significant figure. Let us begin, rather, by trying to separate fact from speculation.

II.

In the Fourth Gospel on one occasion "certain Greeks" came to one of the disciples saying, "We would see Jesus." That is the desire of the modern man,—to see Jesus. We have learned, as earlier generations had not, to estimate the power of faith spontaneously, to idealize its objects. Our critical instinct leads us then to go behind that natural and even beautiful idealization of devout belief, and ask,—what was the reality that gave it birth. It is too much to expect that after the lapse of so great an interval of time, we can come into a touch as close as that of the original disciples with the magnetic personality of their teacher. But at least historical investigation enables us to check the statements in the creeds—produced undoubtedly, as they were, by the later reflection of the Church—by comparison with the statements in the New Testament itself. And in the New Testament, we learn by careful study to check also the later stages of even the thought of the primitive Christian community by comparison with what appears, so far as we can make it out, to be the thought and purpose of Jesus himself. In other words, as soon as you begin to take the historical view, the life and influence of Jesus fall into their rightful place in the eternal process. He is no longer absolute, and unrelated to other men and times. He is not projected as the heavenly Christ into the midst of a world in which his advent and his activity appear as wholly supernatural and divine. He comes, in a profound sense, as a man among men. He belongs, furthermore, to a certain type or class of men, of which the history of his race for centuries before his coming had been wonderfully prolific, and of which he turns out to be simply the most sublime example. Also, it is true, he comes as one long prepared for and, in a sense, though not in the ordinary sense, of the fulfillment of prophecy, as one expected and due to come in the fulness of time.

Let us look, for a moment, into the manner of this preparation for Jesus' coming. Without a shadow of a doubt, the supreme gift of Hebrew genius to humanity was the gift of prophecy. By this we do not now mean mere foretelling. The prophet indeed, to some extent, foretold the future, but only in the largest and most general way, and incidentally to his real occupation. His function was rather that of a forth-speaker of the divine ideas that visited him. He was an interpreter of the ways of God to men. Now Hebrew prophecy, beginning with about the eighth century before Christ, developed a system of interpreting human life according to purely ethical ideals, which system is the heart and soul of the Bible revelation. Its central thought is, "Do justly, or according to the commandment of God, and thou shalt live; do unrighteously, or contrary to the commandment of God, and thou shalt die." This system of thought, first finding utterance in stirring appeals and burning denunciations on the lips of the prophets, became in the hands of the priests a definite code of laws, of which we find at least three distinct layers or strata representing successive centuries of historic time in the books of Exodus, Deuteronomy and Leviticus. Law and prophecy, thus growing up as the contribution of the inspired genius of that little people, continued to express through all their national existence the moral standards by which they measured first themselves, and then the other peoples around them. And such proved to be the innate force of their genius that, through the Bible and its adoption by Christianity, this Jewish people has come in time to enforce its standards of judgment in morals and religion upon the whole civilized world.

But we greatly mistake the character of these prophets and law-makers of early Israel if we assume that they came merely as forerunners of him who was in a sense to complete their work, and to transcend it. For centuries they alone guided the destinies of their people. More than that, some of them stand out even among their fellows as gifted with an exalted genius hardly second, in some respects, to that of Jesus himself. The prophet Amos, appearing almost without precursor seven hundred and fifty years before Christ, and in his attack upon current abuses in worship and in life rising almost at once to the full height of Hebrew ethical idealism; his successor, Hosea, wrung to the heart by unhappy domestic conditions and yet pouring out almost in the tones of the Gospel his abounding sense of the unfailing love of God for his people; the princely Isaiah, statesman as well as prophet, denouncing the unrighteousness of his people and promising to them security if they will only be obedient to the moral demands of their God; Jeremiah, in some respects the man, of all the old Testament figures, of deepest insight into the inner and spiritual side of the righteous life; the second, unknown Isaiah of Babylon, with his glowing pictures of the redeemed nation that was to rise again after its long captivity,—it is surely no degradation of Jesus to hold that he belongs rightfully in this mighty line and not wholly outside of it. In no other way, indeed, can we possibly account for him. As he grew up in Nazareth and heard the words of the prophets read in the synagogue and doubtless read and studied their books for himself at home, his mind became inevitably saturated with their thought. The prophets' and psalmists' words seem in his public teaching to have been constantly on his lips. He added to them, indeed,

words as high or higher than any that prophet or psalmist spoke or wrote; nevertheless it is of great significance that at some of the central crises of his teaching he simply quoted from the Scriptures of his people. One example is his summary of the law and the prophets in the two great commandments, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and soul and mind and strength," words quoted from the Book of Deuteronomy, and "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," words quoted from the Book of Leviticus.

III.

We need to look at Jesus now for a little while in the light of the great ruling idea that at length came to possess the mind of the Hebrew people,—the idea of the coming Messiah. This is a conception not found at all during the early centuries. The national hope of Israel was to be an independent kingdom among the kingdoms of this world, a dream realized for a brief and glorious moment under the rule of David, their ideal king, but never again. After him, through inner division and the rising ambitions of the more powerful kingdoms to east and west of them, the national fortunes sank until, in the period of the exile, they were at the lowest ebb. All human means of rescue seeming to fail, the people turned more and more to the expectation of divine help. For very long, as late indeed as the second Isaiah, they hoped for an earthly deliverer in the person of some mighty monarch like Cyrus, king of Persia, who is actually called God's Messiah in the forty-fifth chapter of Isaiah. But when the hopes of the people, after a brief national awakening under the Maccabees, sank to an almost hopeless depth under the iron rule of Rome, since all the powers of this world seemed to have gone against them, they looked more and more for a wholly supernatural deliverance. What they hoped, even from God's Messiah, however, was a purely political restoration and exaltation of their national life. The visions are all of an earthly kingship with a restored Jerusalem as its central seat.

Is there any sense in which Jesus, the teacher of Nazareth, can be fitted into this purely political and selfish national hope? There is no sense, I think, unless that hope is transformed into something totally different from even its most developed form in the Old Testament. And now if we are to account for the way in which he became, not Israel's Messiah, but the world's Christ, a marvelous process needs to come within our view, nothing less, indeed, than the mingling of two great streams of Greek and Hebrew life and tradition, made inevitable by conditions that only then had begun to prevail.

It may naturally be asked, if we rank Jesus as only the last and greatest of the Hebrew prophets, why he and not Amos, or Isaiah, or Jeremiah should have become the founder of a new and broader faith than that of Judaism? The answer, in part at least, is this, that historically speaking they did not come, as Jesus did, precisely at the point where those two mighty streams of Jewish and Greek life were preparing to mingle, as the upper Mississippi and the Missouri mingle to make the vaster stream that moves resistlessly on to the ocean. It was not in Jesus' life-time that what we know as Christianity, strictly speaking, was born. He called around him disciples and instructed some of them to preach his gospel, but it was after his death and through the agency, more than any other, of that kindred and yet strangely different genius, Paul, that Christianity, first so named in Antioch, came into being. Now Paul was of Hebrew birth, but partly at least of Greek education. In the alembic of his mind were mingled and fused the leading conceptions of the Hebrew scriptures, with their moral prophecy and their fervent expectation of a Messiah, and of the Greek world, whose ideas of man as alienated from God and needing salvation into an immortal life beyond this sordid present, were then beginning to penetrate into educated circles in Palestine.

I am only suggesting here a process that took some centuries to complete itself and that accounts for the otherwise astonishing fact that the Gospels and Epistles of the New Testament were written in Greek, and made their way rapidly in the Greek cities scattered around the eastern end of the Mediterranean Sea, although composed for the most part by men of Hebrew birth and blood. We have to say, I think, that it was very largely because Jesus with his masterful and thrilling personality stood precisely at the point of the mingling of these two great streams of life and thought, that he rises above the earlier prophets of his race as founder of the new and Christian dispensation. We should almost be safe in saying that if Jesus had never lived the world would still have had a developed Judaism, whose teachings would have been largely identical with those of primitive Christianity. What Jesus did, however, was to incarnate in the most exalted and most winning personality that ever appeared among men, and to announce in words, the noblest and most persuasive ever spoken in the world, his own understanding,—inspired by that mystic gift of perfect insight for which our only name is genius, —of the highest reach of his people's faith. It is no limitation of Jesus, but simply a recognition of historical fact, to say that his mind was predominantly Jewish in its cast, but that out of the great mingled mass of Jewish life and thought which had come down from past ages, he instinctively drew only the purest and most universal elements. Yet he remained in some essential respects as much the child of his time as he was the child of his race. It would be easy to show from the Gospels that he had no foresight into the long, slow growth of the heavenly kingdom, as we now see it. He, like his contemporaries, expected a sudden and probably miraculous consummation. Although he seems to call himself the Son of Man, it is by no means certain that he accepted the title of "Messiah" or "Christ"; or if he did, it can only have been in a totally different sense from that understood by nearly all around him. There is much reason to think that he rejected the title, but that it was conferred on him by his followers, on account of his extraordinary power, and through Old Testament influence in the early church.

IV.

The problem of the origin of Christianity is the problem of how this peasant teacher from the little town of Nazareth in Galilee so impressed himself by his teaching upon the few who knew him most intimately, and more especially through his death upon the wider circle to whom these few communicated their inspiration, that within a generation or two,—that is, by the time our earliest Gospels were composed,—he had come to represent in himself the culmination of those long centuries of Hebrew prophecy and hope; and also the focusing point of the great body of Greek ideas centering around the thought of a Savior of mankind, out of this evil world, into a blessed immor-

tality beyond. I can only suggest to you the complex conditions of this strictly historical problem which modern scholarship, in those branches of it which apply themselves to the study of the New Testament and Christian origins, is laboring to unravel. All I need to say here is that, whatever may be the theological interpretation of his person, Jesus historically was the one in the course of events and in the evolution of thought, to be chosen out of the long procession of human individuals to stand at the point of culmination and of partition when those older dispensations had reached the limit of their development and were waiting for some mightier impulsion to transform them into a new stream of life that should water and refresh all succeeding centuries.

Thus the immense and highly complex body of doctrine and of life, which we know as Christianity,—in the most inclusive sense of that word,—represents, as you can see, the gathering up of the two mightiest streams of ancient interpretation of life and of the world and their union into a yet mightier stream, which has in part dissolved them into itself and in part also absorbed the many other tributaries of racial and sectional origin which have gone to make up the faith and practice of the Christian ages. Lest we should lose ourselves in the vastness of this complicated process, let us now go back and look again at the simplicity that was in Jesus. Christian theology is all interpretation, more or less far-fetched, of what he was, and said, and did. The doctrines of the creeds are merely echoes of older doctrines drawn by the early Christian community out of the Hebrew scriptures, or out of Greek interpretation of the universe, or even out of that primeval Paganism, some phases of which have always survived and are still surviving in the more backward sections of Christendom. So what we have as apparently starting from Jesus is, in fact, a world religion which cannot be content until it has converted all the world unto itself.

Does it seem incredible that a "mere man" as the expression is, should have been so largely responsible for this? I think we have to admit, in view of what has been said, that Christianity, so far from being the product alone of Jesus' mind and soul, is, in fact, the total product of the most significant spiritual activity of our whole humanity. And what is the position of Jesus in it all? Simply that he stands at the center, not that he necessarily existed with God from the beginning before anything else was,—that teaching simply externalizes and makes symbolical the fact that that love and truth which were in Jesus were in the beginning with God, and from all eternity belong to the character of God himself,—not again that Jesus must needs have been the only begotten son of the Father, miraculously conceived, but that having been born as a man in the normal way, he came so to represent in himself the highest in our humanity that human admiration and reverence in those early ages could not stop short of calling him divine.

So one might go on to show that there is a sense in which every affirmation of the ancient creeds may stand for a truth, profound and eternal, of human religion. The various types of mind that exist in the world seem to require that this truth shall come to them in different ways. Some would have it highly charged with emotion and brought to them through the appeal of music and painting and an elaborate ritual of worship. Others, however, are satisfied to take it in its simplest and severest form, finding it to be thus more accordant with their spirit. The new position of Jesus, then, to summarize what I have said, is a position not *outside* of our humanity but *within* it, not above and beyond history but partaking of historical relativities of time and place and education and outlook; yet nevertheless, as was said at the beginning, a position so high and so unrivalled that in the greatest concerns of life there is no other to whom we can look for truth and guidance as we can look to him. He does not differ absolutely in our thought from the other teachers to whom not only Christianity but the other great religions look back and up for inspiration. We have to see him, I think, as simply one of them, but one so gifted in spirit and so placed in the process of human development that it is fitting that all events in history, before and since, should be dated from his coming, as if that were, in fact, the central event in human life. He is, in a supreme sense, "the friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit."

The new religion does not, as you must perceive, seek to get away from Jesus and find some higher source of inspiration, if any such exists; and, though it places him in one sense back in history where he properly belongs, yet in another sense, it brings him, freed from all the tawdry ornaments of doctrine, laid on him by an ardent but childish faith, into the very midst of the living present. So as Whittier sings to us,—

> "No fable old, nor mythic lore
> Nor dream of bards and seers,
> No dead fact stranded on the shore
> Of the oblivious years,—
>
> "But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
> A present help is he;
> And faith has still its Olivet,
> And love its Galilee."

It is because the older representations of Jesus had in time become really intolerable to the growing recognition of his transparent and lovely humanity that in the new religion we have felt impelled to strip his figure of all added ornament and doctrine and let him stand forth in the original purity and nobility of his appeal to the universal heart. In proportion as we thus see Jesus, the religion that he taught and lived becomes more real and vital to us, and we are led to choose it for our own. Christianity becomes again the religion of Jesus, and not the religion about him. This, and not the mere repeating of high-sounding titles as applied to him, appeals to the disciples of the new religion to be the true following in the ways of his spirit.

If he were to come among us today, while his clearer sight and larger sympathy might condemn all of our blind and foolish ways, it seems to me that we would only turn aside from those elaborate temples wherein a worship essentially like that from which he revolted is offered to his name, and come into some place of simple, sincere, devoted regard for his spirit, some church dedicated indeed and in truth to his ideals of love to God and love to man, to make which ideals prevail in human hearts was surely his message to mankind, as it ought to be our mission if we pretend to follow him.

We have abolished slavery, but there remains the greater sin of the killing of man by man. It devolves upon our race to teach the civilized world that international disputes must be settled by law and the reign of international peace established. This is the most propitious time for spreading such thoughts over the world.—*Andrew Carnegie.*

Zalmon Gilbert Simmons

Born, September 10, 1828.
Died, February 11, 1910.

Address Delivered in Henry Simmons Memorial Church, Kenosha, Wisconsin, February 14, 1910, by Rev. Florence Buck

"Know ye not that a great man has fallen this day in Israel?"

You do know. To that fact the presence of this assemblage testifies. Throughout this community, in this hour, the whirring wheels of industry are stilled as a tribute to him. The silence which death imposes falls not alone upon us who are here in its majestic presence. It touches the waiting crowds outside. It reaches to the homes and business centers of this city and this state. It rests upon the hearts of kindred and friends, of business associates, of Grand Army comrades, in every part of our country. Zalmon Gilbert Simmons, for sixty years an active participant in business life, in public affairs, in philanthropic enterprises, has ceased from his labors. His keen brain and busy hand are stilled. The office, the factory, the bank, the church service and public assemblage which have known his constant presence even in the years of his age, will know him no more. The erect and dignified figure, the snowy head, the searching eye, the kindly smile, will be no more seen. With the passing of his spirit waves from the ocean of eternity plash upon our shores of time. Hush! Can they bring a message to us out of the deep?

I will not speak of the loss which this community has sustained in his death. Our hearts are too deeply conscious of it. Let us think rather of the gain which has accrued to us from his long life of active service; of the good which remains, of the influence which abides, which neither time nor death can take away.

Throughout his long business career, Mr. Simmons has dealt with enterprises large and influential, which have aided the world's progress and added to the value of human life. How rapid that progress has been, how enormous the development of material resources, may be judged from a single fact to which he occasionally referred: that every mile of railway in the world had been built during his lifetime. Happily, many in this city have heard from his own lips, in the concise, graphic, accurate speech which was his peculiar gift, the narration of some of the picturesque events of that career. That account included its beginnings amid those limitations which in pioneer days were not poverty, but the crude conditions of great opportunity. It related the crucial epoch when, on the afternoon in which news of the first battle of Bull Run was received, at a meeting of the directors of the Kenosha, Rockford and Rock Island Railroad, the shadow of night fell not more darkly than did the shadow of disaster over their hearts; when his courage alone, his vision of a final triumph that should overbalance defeat and depression, carried the road to completion and ultimate success. It told of the first ventures with the telegraph; of that grasp of future possibility which made him a patron of the inventive power which resulted in the telephone, which caused him to wire the church building which stood on this very site, and enable the assembled audience to hear a concert played by musical instruments in Milwaukee and Chicago, to prove to them that musical tones could be conveyed over the telegraph wire. That narrative portrayed the National Convention in Chicago which nominated Abraham Lincoln as President, to which convention Mr. Simmons went as a delegate, favoring the nomination of Seward; from which he came an ardent supporter of Lincoln, won by his speech and personality to an admiration that deepened to reverence in the succeeding years. These incidents and others which he told so well were but shining points in a career that reached success and eminence through unwearied thought and constant application of his powers. Looking back at his completed life, we cannot fail to see the intellectual grasp, the mental vigor, the unwearied will, which made him a master of finance. It was not opportunity alone, or chiefly, which won him success. That was due to his own eminent qualities of mind, to the constant cultivation and application of his powers to the affairs of life. The world may well remember his great thought contribution to its progress. It was he who saw, in advance of all others, how indispensable was the telegraph line to the railroad. The marriage of the telegraph and railway systems he rightly considered his most important contribution to the material progress of his time. It was his vision, his faith in human skill and inventive power, his ability to receive new ideas and act upon them, that made him eminent.

He was a representative of the older order in the business world. That old order changeth, giving place to new. Its forces change, its methods are improved, its defects are corrected, as the human problems involved in it are better mastered. Let us not charge to him, nor to any single individual, the mistakes of the old order. If we see a possible improvement, a better way, it is because such as he have labored, and we have entered into their labors; because such as he have desired human progress, and made our work for it possible.

Z. G. Simmons, citizen! If his labors in the business world were evidence of his greatness, they are equaled by his relation to his fellowmen in the affairs of government. He cared for the welfare of this community, and was devoted to its best interests. Twice elected mayor of the city, he upheld its laws, advanced its best interests, used his intellectual powers for the solution of important municipal problems. Every good cause has found in him a champion. Every proposed improvement his received his support. It is this fact, quite as much as his wealth and business ability, which have made him the leading citizen of his community, whose counsel men sought, whose approval they desired.

In nothing was his sense of responsibility more marked than in his philanthropies. Every appeal made to him received careful attention and the most worthy received his bounty. His benefactions reached from east to west and from north to south. His great heart beat in sympathy with the oppressed. The humblest and most needy were first to receive his aid. Beyond most of his peers did he realize the responsibility imposed by great wealth, and seek to meet that responsibility. Of his numerous private benefactions no man knoweth. In all his later years he revealed that best part of a good man's life,

> "His little nameless unremembered acts
> Of kindness and of love."

Of the tie which bound him to the members of the Grand Army of the Republic we are all aware. It

was not granted him to fight his country's battles in the great war. His part was in "the world's broad field of battle, in the bivouac of life." There indeed he was a sturdy fighter. The spirit of the warrior who battles for great causes was in him. His epitaph might well be that of another great soul:

"One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break;

* * * *

Held we fall to rise; are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake."

Out of the stress and struggle of life, he won that hope and aspiration which was dearest to his heart, the desire for universal peace. Loving the soldier, he hated battle. Honoring those who died for their country, he longed to make warfare and the strife of the battle field forevermore impossible. In his gospel of peace he showed himself a worthy follower of the Prince of Peace. Upon the soldiers' monument, which was his gift to the city, the Angel of Peace spreads her wings.

The love of beauty was one of Mr. Simmons's marked characteristics. He knew by the instinct of a fine nature the excellent in architecture and other forms of art. Two lovely structures, the Gilbert M. Simmons Public Library and this church building, perpetuate among us that trait of his nature, and help us to realize more and more the holiness of beauty and the beauty of holiness. Through these enduring monuments, he, being dead, yet speaketh.

When one comes to the nearer ties, the closer relation of kinship and personal friendship, one sees even more clearly, let us hope, through the mist of tears. Back of great natural reserve and dignity of manner, a warm heart beat. What he was in his home and to his family, the grief in their hearts gives evidence. He has left to his descendants the memory of a worthy life, that good name which is rather to be chosen than great riches. Those who knew him best were aware of the great tenderness of his nature, his deep kindliness of spirit. I would not wrong your friend and mine by over-praise. His very greatness was that he had power to amend his faults, to atone for mistakes, to let sober judgment speak to correct his words and deeds. Only the truly noble nature can turn the varied events and deeds of life into fine elements of character, and this he did. Steadily as years increased his nature ripened and deepened and sweetened. "How inexhaustibly the spirit grows," cried one of Browning's characters, as vision widened, and life's great meaning broke more clear. To the eighty-second year of life Mr. Simmons's spirit grew, till it was too large to hold a grudge, too noble to cherish anger and bitterness. Being steadily more worthy of praise, he was ever modest in receiving it. In his age his hoary head was a crown of glory, for it was found in the way of righteousness.

Out of his faith and trust in the things unseen and eternal grew this richness of his character. Liberal in heart, tolerant in spirit, gracious to all forms of faith, his own was ever dear to him, and to it and to this church he was deeply loyal. For he stood, as it stands, for human and divine unity, for the brotherhood of all mankind, for the love of God shed abroad in the human heart, for service as the aim of religion, for the progress of mankind through the ages, for the life immortal, of which he is now the inheritor.

On the monument near Quebec which preserves the memory of Wolfe there is an inscription which appealed to the heart of Mr. Simmons, "Here died Wolfe, victorious." It influenced, perhaps, the inscription on the soldiers' monument which was his gift to the city: "To the brave soldiers and sailors who victoriously defended the union."

It is a fitting word for his own life. Here he died, victorious; conqueror of circumstances, master of his deep sorrows, lord of his own spirit. He has left us, but the good he wrought lives with us still. Out of grief stricken hearts, we send our cry after him into the eternal realm whence he has gone. Hail, comrade, hail and farewell. May the word of your welcome into the higher life be, "Well done, good and faithful servant." May the kingdom of God grant abundant entrance to his victorious spirit, and may light perpetual shine upon him.

The Library Alcove

UNITY, the official organ of the Congress of Religion, has been constructing another five-foot list of "the best books." It did this by the vote of a selected list of judges. These judges were chosen by the editor of UNITY, and were a picked group of men and women throughout the country. These men and women were thought to be especially equipped to render a judicial and intelligent decision.

The list of the fifty-four books selected by them and the number of votes cast for each book are given below:

Emerson's Essays	17
Iliad	17
Tennyson's Poems	16
Les Miserables	15
Lowell's Poems	14
Browning's Poems	14
Faust	13
Darwin's Origin of Species	12
Odyssey	11
Wordsworth's Poems	11
Tennyson's In Memoriam	10
Sartor Resartus	10
Divine Comedy	10
Epictetus	10
Marcus Aurelius	10
Green's Short History of the English People	9
Emerson's Poems	9
Plato	9
Spencer's First Principles	8
Adam Bede	8
Emerson's Complete	8
Phaedo	8
A Kempis' Imitation of Christ	8
Romola	7
David Copperfield	7
Vanity Fair	7
Whittier's Poems	7
Heroes and Hero Worship	6
Channing's Works	6
Bacon's Essays	6
Ivanhoe	6
Don Quixote	6
Montaigne's Essays	6
Keats' Poems	6
The Scarlet Letter	6
Middlemarch	6
Prometheus Bound	6
Burns' Poems	6
Shelley's Poems	6
Macaulay	6
Franklin's Autobiography	5
Motley's Rise of the Dutch Republic	5
Tale of Two Cities	5
Henry Esmond	5
Autocrat of the Breakfast Table	5
Milton	5
Nathan the Wise	5
Lecky's Rise of Rationalism	5
Emerson's Nature and Other Essays	5

Marius, the Epicurean	5
The Egoist	5
Dante's Inferno	5
Canterbury Tales	5
Leaves of Grass	5

This list, of course, should not be depended upon as the final settlement of the matter; but, as the judgment of picked representative American scholars and men of "light and leading," it is certainly significant. It shows, as far as the opinion of these judges go, Ralph Waldo Emerson stands at the head of the list and Emerson's "Nature and Other Essays" with five of the best authors. His "Essays" received seventeen votes and is "tied" for the head of the list with Homer's "Iliad." But his poems appear also in the list with nine votes, "Emerson's Complete" with eight votes, votes. If this vote represents the best literary judgment of America then Emerson has come to be regarded in this country as the author above all authors most worthy of fame. It should be stated in this connection, however, that, by the conditions imposed upon the voters, the Bible and Shakespeare were not to be considered in the balloting. Emerson then, if this ballot be taken as the representative judgment of educated American criticism, next to the Bible and Shakespeare, is regarded as among the first of the great authors of the world.

This list contains strange reversals of literary judgments. In the lifetime of Emerson undoubtedly Longfellow had fifty readers to Emerson's one; but Longfellow's name does not appear in this list at all. Whittier's poems are included, and Lowell stands very high on the list. Longfellow during his lifetime was certainly the most popular poet in the world. There probably, indeed, never was a poet, who, during his own lifetime, had a very large host of readers, or was more beloved than he. The host of his readers is still very large, and he is still one of the most beloved of men. Yet the critical judgment of his own fellow-countrymen does not place him among the great writers of the world. His old college-mate, Hawthorne, who, to use a phrase of his own, was "the most obscure man of letters in America" when Longfellow's name had already become world-wide, stands in the list on the strength of his "Scarlet Letter." Walt Whitman, who was the object of contempt and the butt of laughter when Longfellow was a world-favorite, enters the list with his once-despised "Leaves of Grass" with as many votes to his credit as Chaucer and Dante. Bryant, until he was displaced by Longfellow, was considered the greatest of American poets; and he, as well as Longfellow, still holds a warm place in the hearts of the American people. But Bryant's name, like Longfellow's, is conspicuous by its absence from this list. Fifty years ago a list made up like this would be inconceivable without the name of Washington Irving. Although Irving was a modest man, he undoubtedly considered himself a greater author than Hawthorne. But time, the unpurchasable referee, has impartially judged between them. Poe finds no admission to this Temple of Fame, and some will be surprised to learn that Thoreau is denied admittance also.

The high place given to Tennyson shows that the late laureate is standing the test of time. He is third on the list, with Emerson and Homer just above him. Tennyson, were he alive, would undoubtedly be surprised, perhaps a little chagrined, to be placed below Emerson; but he would certainly be equally surprised to be placed above Goethe, Dante and Milton. He would certainly be surprised to note that his favorite Virgil is left off the list entirely. He would be indignant, too, to discover that Edmund Spenser is not mentioned. Byron, the most widely discussed poet of his day, if he were alive, would writhe in Byronic fury to learn that he himself is not mentioned at all, while the despised Wordsworth stands high on the list. Such favorites as Byron or Pope and Dryden and Tom Moore are also omitted. On the whole, Byron would decide that modern taste is hopelessly depraved.

If this list is a criterion of modern literary preferences, we must infer that the Latin authors are not highly regarded in this age and country. Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Lucretius, Tacitus, Livy, Cicero and Pliny are not mentioned at all. With the exception of Homer and Plato, the Greeks are not represented. Eschylus, Sophocles and Euripedes are omitted. Aristotle, who dominated the intellectual world for more than a thousand years, is now so poor that none do him reverence.

We miss also the old favorites of earlier lists. We look in vain for "Plutarch's Lives," the "Arabian Nights" and Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." Green and Motley are in the list, but Herodotus and Gibbon and Parkman are left out.

The list on the whole strikes us as an honest one. It represents the sincere preferences of the voters selected to render the decision. It is a good, sensible list for any intelligent person to buy for his private library. For this purpose it is certainly much to be preferred to Dr. Eliot's list. It is not, of course, a final and definitive list of the "World's Best Books"; for literary tastes and fashions change, and the intellectual needs of human beings differ with the progress of the years. But the books are good for one to read; and the person who reads them wisely cannot well escape being a wise man.

—*Sam Walter Foss in Christian Science Monitor.*

"Band of Mercy" Hymn

A brighter day is dawning—
Religion's holy light
Is pouring its effulgence
O'er Error's lengthened night;
Humanity's broad mantle
Falls tenderly on all
God's humbler, helpless creatures,
With love's embracing thrall.

The good man owns as kindred
All beings he may bless,
Defends them from injustice,
Is pained with their distress;
He feels that life is sacred
In man, or beast, or bird.
And that one God is Father
Of child and flock and herd.

O Brothers, let compassion
Our pledge and banner be;
Let sacred laws of kindness
Shield all from injury.
And Thou, O Father, help us
In deeds of love to live;
And to this Band of Mercy
Thy benediction give!

A. Judson Rich.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

FOREIGN NOTES

HOW IT LOOKS IN BELGIUM.—Apropos of the "Baroness Vaughan," whose relations with King Leopold have been a public scandal so many years, a Belgian journal, the *Express* published recently, on its first page, the following open letter to His Holiness Pius X:

"You permitted the shooting of Ferrer.

"But you protect the Baroness Vaughan.

"The tremendous outcry of the civilized world calling for justice, and later demanding punishment for the crime of Spanish clericalism, was smothered and died away at the threshold of your Vatican.

"In the depths of your palace with its fifty thousand rooms, you remained deaf and dumb, impassable, Olympian.

"But the plaint of the favorite pierced the thickness of these century-old walls and the mystery of these innumerable doors, and for her there came from your august lips tutelary words.

"The daughters of a king piteou implored for months and years the favor of permission to approach him who, after all, was their father as well as their sovereign. These daughters were banished from the bedside of their mother, both dying and dead.

"But you heard them not, and for them you found neither word nor deed that might give them the access so earnestly desired.

"But you protect the Baroness Vaughan and your nunciature intervenes to smooth the way she expects to tread.

"When the Boers were gloriously fighting to defend their country and their independence, in an epopee which has no parallel, you allowed them to be decimated and crushed without taking that step toward them which would, in such brief space, have given strength to their cause.

"But you take great care of the Baroness Vaughan.

"When the Armenians—Christians as they are—were, by thousands and hundreds of thousands, being massacred, ruined, violated, pillaged and dispersed by the fanatics of the Red Sultan, your heart did not give one throb of pity, nor your voice one sound in their behalf. those who denounced the crimes of that abominable tyrant who has at last been incarcerated.

"But you protect the Baroness Vaughan, and that daughter of Pipilet, concubine of a king, rich and haughty, has won your good will.

"Be it so.

"This is the Church of the Popes.

"It is no longer the Church of Christ.

"So much the worse for you."

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